

Spinal Remains

Misfits

This isn't really death, this isn't really life
This isn't really anything I think I like
And I will not sit up, don't be playing
Not for you or anyone
I will not change my fucking hair
We have no reasons but we still have fun
Then I blow up and you whispered my name
Wait until I rip your back to shreds
I wave my blue suede shoes
That's all that remains of your spine
I want excitement
Your spinal remains
I want to stand here
In your spinal remains
In chains
This isn't really death, this isn't really life
This isn't really anything I think I like
And I will not grin or piss on the flag
Not for you or anyone
I will not plug a fucking ass
I want to stand in
Baby your spinal remains
I won't save it
Baby your spinal remains
They're making me sick

Songwriters

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